

# The Gamecock

## AIDS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

in this country, to realize that sexual desire permeates us all. And whatever you desire, you'll find what you're after.

But making homosexuality illegal or preaching its immoralities leads to sexual encounters among men that are quick, anonymous, uncomfortable and dangerous.

We need more testing in countries.

But why does a father tell his children to wash their hands when dad's are dirty?

Case in point: New York bus stops carried an advertisement recently encouraging men that practice gay sex, but don't consider themselves gay, to visit a men's health clinic for testing.

The ad was pulled, and as one administrator for the bus line said, "We feel that good taste can supersede the First Amendment." And we wonder why the disease spreads.

We need to realize we can all get this disease, and we all need to know how to protect ourselves. A big problem in the whole AIDS trauma is that condoms have had their 15 minutes of fame and are out the door.

Trojan Man caused a couple of laughs, but he's gone the way of the Energizer Bunny.

Condoms should be everywhere. It's not going to hurt a bar's reputation in this town to set a jar by the door.

We need education and, Lord knows, we need it in our schools. We need it in black communities,

where young, straight men are harassed by friends for using condoms. We need it in gay bars, where you can get lube easier than you can get a condom. We need it in the churches, where sex isn't discussed at all, but anything else that would kill us is.

Most of this has been encouraged by the summit's declaration, but leaving gay men out shows that what we need won't be forthcoming.

After the summit, Mary Robinson, the U.N. high commissioner for human rights, said, "A failure to recognize [groups affected by HIV/AIDS] means the numbers of those infected can only grow."

God help us, she's probably right.

## CPVY 101: Intro to being a poor college student

I just had a startling revelation. I am poor. I am really, really poor. I'm so poor that if someone tried to rob me, I'd laugh in his face. He'd just be wasting his time.



Darryl Green is a featured columnist and can be reached at gamecockviewpoints@hotmail.com.

Oh sure, all you incoming freshman can laugh all you want. In two months, you'll be below the poverty level,

too. We are all poor. We, endeavoring souls who dare to call ourselves college students, are technically and inconspicuously poor.

We sometimes can't afford to buy clothes, pay bills or even eat. We beg money from our long-suffering parents like a less-fortunate man on the streets.

Take away our dorm rooms, and we would all be homeless, living off cough drops and sleeping out of cardboard boxes. (OK, I'm exaggerating, but you get my point.)

The vocation of "college student" is the only job in which you pay more money than you make. It's a profession where you actually must pay money to go to work. We are right up there with garbage men and sweatshop workers.

When you're in college, being broke is a way of life. It's pretty hard when you have to balance buying books, school supplies, food and gas with your very expensive social life.

It's like making a dollar out of 15 cents. You're constantly planning how to stretch money in order to

make it last longer than it's supposed to, sinking deeper into the quagmire of debt as you go.

As a senior at USC, I feel compelled to share some of my immeasurable wisdom about survival with the incoming freshmen, transfer students and current students who have yet to master the art form.

It's quite simple, really. All you must do is learn these four basic rules, and you'll be well on your way.

**Rule 1:** Forget about the lavish life you used to live at home. You might go through "good-life withdrawal" at first, but you must break the habit of daily healthy meals and weekly shopping trips. Meditation helps.

**Rule 2:** Never dine with Marrjott Food Services, unless your parents have charitably endowed you with a meal plan. Get used to eating tuna and Ramen noodles. Your days of eating out are over, save McDonald's, Wendy's and the few remaining Burger Kings.

**Rule 3:** Limit your party-going to once or twice a week. The last thing you want to do is drink away your grocery money. And if you must drink, get one can, bottle or tasty beverage and nurse it the entire night. Add water if necessary.

**Rule 4:** Never give money to panhandlers unless you have some left over. It's not good to give your last dollar to some guy so he can eat while you starve to death. Keep that up, and you'll be in his shoes.

These are just a few basics; call it "College Poverty 101." There are many, many rules to cover. In the meanwhile, these rules will go a long way to ensure you have a long and debt-free career as a starving college student at USC.

## USC fails Gamecock's experiment

I've finally figured out what makes you tick, what gets under your skin and how to get you to write a letter to the editor.



Ann Marie Miani is Viewpoints editor and can be reached at gamecockviewpoints@hotmail.com.

Insult you. Nothing else seems to work. God forbid someone says a bad word about you. People, have you heard of sarcasm or satire? I guess

not.

My last two columns were part of a social experiment, and you failed miserably.

I'm going to let everyone in on a little secret. If you can't figure it out by my name or picture, I'm Italian and have had to deal with typical slurs, such as "guido," "wop" and "dego," and the constant "Are you in the Mafia?" or "Do you eat

pasta all the time?" questions.

And do I get offended? No. And I'll tell you why: Because I have the capability to laugh at myself. I can take the stereotypes about my culture that are thrown at me and laugh at them.

Anyway, back to the subject at hand. I wanted to find out which column would get more letters: a serious issue or offensive sarcasm.

The week of June 20, I wrote about Timothy McVeigh's execution. It was a national issue that was in every single newspaper in the country. And I didn't get one letter about anything — McVeigh, the Oklahoma City bombing or the death penalty.

So the next week I ran a column insulting our neighbors to the north. It could have been anyone.

I could have said, "Why do Mexicans have 200 people living in a two-bedroom house?"

Or, I could have said, "The British suck because they're boring,

and the only good thing from England was the Beatles."

Or, "All French women are whores with hairy armpits."

And you know what ... all you Canadians would have laughed. You probably would have been rolling on the floor.

I chose Canadians because MSNBC decided to run a story about them. What can I say — luck of the draw. Is it my fault that Canadians are funny?

God forbid if columnists at this newspaper write serious columns. If we do, then they're simply disregarded, if they're even read. It's sad that I have to say "Canadians are stupid" in order for people to write in.

I write about the death penalty ... nothing.

I write about the Search for Six ... nothing.

I write about Bush's abortion policies ... nothing.

EXPERIMENT SEE PAGE 8

Don't agree with what we're saying?

Send a letter to the editor.

E-mail us at [gamecockviewpoints@hotmail.com](mailto:gamecockviewpoints@hotmail.com).